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[ 1 ]

T H E  
**King of Poland's Ghost:**  
 O R,

A DIALOGUE betwixt P L U T O and  
 C H A R O N, upon his Reception.

7. Feb. 1682. Agt. ye Late D<sup>o</sup> Shaftsbury

*Pluto.* **H** Old *Stygian* Sculler, what hast brought me here?  
*Charon.* The Soul Sir of your long-wish'd noble Peer.  
*Pl.* What? not the King of *Poland's*? *Ch.* Yes, 'tis it.  
*Pl.* You old Tarpawlin, will you ne're learn Wit?

Who bid you touch at *Dantzick*, and be hang'd,  
 D'ye think my Furies long to be harangu'd?

*Ch.* Stop the mistake, and let your Passion cease,  
 He ne're came there, for *Poland's* still in peace;  
 But I suppos'd you waited for your Prey,  
 And therefore *Amsterdam'd* him in his way.

*Pl.* Pox on your Zeal, you did it for your Fare,  
 Couldst think I want Incendiaries here?

*Ch.* No, no, Sir; I have Passengers enough  
 That spoke their Places, and gave Earnest too;  
 And though y' had *Boute-fen's* enough before,  
 Yet such as this ne're touch'd th' Internal-Shore:

*Scilla*, *Sejanus*, *Catiline*, and *Noll*,  
 Must give our Politician the wall.

They, cruel wretches, fought Imperial sway  
 By Fire and Slaughter, ours a milder way.  
 They fought e'ne like your Furies for a Crown,  
 He by Petitions softly bowls it down.

Kings may be fell'd, and never hurt a Limb,  
 And *Pluto's* self fall gently under him.

But Sir, you're safe, for ere he came at *Styx*,  
 He drew and rack'd off all his Politicks.

*See the Noble  
 Peer's Speech*

Pl. I

## [ 2 ]

*Pl.* I can't tell that, *Coopers* are cunning blades,  
We Devils scarce can dive into their Trades;  
The Lees of one rich Pipe may ferment more,  
And I am plaguy loth to lose my Power.

*Ch.* Fy *Pluto*! y'are too jealous of your Peer,  
He that hath been your Drudge this 50 year;  
If you begin to slight old Servants thus,  
'Twill be a great discouragement to us.

*Pl.* Why didst not take *Elizium* in thy way?

*Ch.* Why Sir, the Keeper feign'd he'd lost his Key;  
And would not slip the Lock for all my Pray'rs;  
I touch'd besides at *Purgatory* Stairs,  
(The Trimmer's Office, as some term it well,  
Because it squints both toward Heav'n and Hell)  
But 'twould not do. *Pl.* No? what could they object?  
He seems the very Founder of the Sect.

*Ch.* 'Tis true; but they urg'd, 'twas like an Inn }  
Where Folks a while were baited for their Sin, }  
Then like *Levi* and *Leviticus* turn'd out again. }  
And they alledg'd, my Charge was past all cure,  
And nothing in the World was e're said truer;  
For 'tis not all the Saints in Heav'n and Earth,  
Were he once in, could ever pray him forth.

*Pl.* Well *Charon*, I forgive thee, for I see  
Thou speak'st both for thy Client and thy Fee:  
But how stand Causes on the *Brittish* Shoar,  
Since they have lost the Bawble they adore.

*Cha.* Why they resent it in a various way, }  
And some there are who do not stick to say, }  
"That the Elm-board foregroan'd this fatal Day." }  
That th' *Albion* Rocks relent, and change their hue,  
And ev'n *Tyburn* puts on Mourning too.  
Your dear Friend *Titus* cloaths himself in Crape, }  
(Masculine *Titus*) your outdoing Ape, }  
Who's got above the Dispensation of a feeble Rape. }  
Others there are who are not troubled much,  
But rather seem beholding to the *Dutch*;  
For this one kindness they to *Britain* do,  
Commutes for *Chatham* and *Ambona* too.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jos. Hindmarsh* at the Black Bull in Cornhill, 1683.